

Danny Baker presents Ian Dury

A TURN FOR THE VERSE

"There's a cock-eyed yellow poodle to the North of Gogapooch.
There's a little hot cross bun that's turning green,
There's a double jointed wop-wop doing tricks in who-flung-dang,
And you're a better man than I am Gunga-Din."
— Billy Bennett, music hall comedian, 1929

ON THE EVE of the royal wedding, halfway through a can of vegetable soup and *Thames At Six*, there was a ring at the door.

There stood a reedy fellow in his late 20s, a lot like a knock-down version of Stuart Henry. His two-piece flared suit identified him as the legendary Man Of A Thousand Creases, but even more striking was his tie. It hung there, bright green, felt, and a good eight inches across at the base. He looked as though he'd skinned a pool table and was wearing it around his neck.

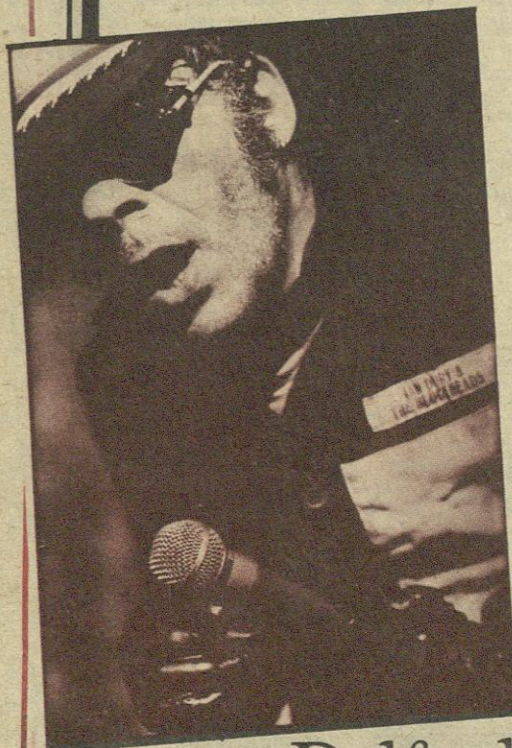
"DJ," he said brightly.
DJ? A freelance DJ going door-to-door in search of impromptu parties lacking that vital ingredient? Surely not. Knife grinders, toffee-apple men, religion even, but a strolling DJ? I think there is some mistake, senor.

"No, I'm your DJ. Mr Baker isn't it?"
Well yeah, but...
"Yeah, well you rang up. Last week. Royal Wedding Party thing. I'm your DJ." Help.

"Aw come on mate. You rang up. Don't give me this. What, have ya cancelled it or something?"

The corners of his lips began to twitch like a candle flame as I explained about some of my friends' curious ideas about joke structure.

"But... but I've come from Wood Green. All the way from Wood Green. I've got me girlfriend downstairs in the van with the lights and everything. Do us a favour. What's happening?"



Delft plates: Anton Corbijn

What did he want? To be invited to play his gig — lights and all — while me and Kelly read the *New Standard*? "Sorry about the noise, dear, but apparently I ordered a DJ round tonight. I think he'll be finished soon I just heard 'Hi Ho Silver Lining'."

Bizarre.
Anyway, standing on the doorstep seeing him crumble, it was all I could do to stop myself biting through my bottom lip and collapsing in embarrassed giggles.

"Oh God, this is just great," he said waving his arms and walking to the end of the balcony. "Bloody busy night like this, all sorts of work around, and I get taken on like this. Who are these friends of yours? I've a mind to go round for them and see how funny they think they are without a phone!"

If it's how I think it is they'd have put the poor sod between two slices of bread and fed him to the dog.

"IT'S NOT BLOODY FUNNY!"

I was just scratching my nose, honest. Then we both stood, me looking ashamed and he gasping and sighing in frustration. I offered him a drink but he just threw up one arm and then stomped off toward the lift. A rotten trick. Closing the door gently I went over to the window to see if I could see his van parked way down below. DJ vans usually have ludicrous slogans painted on them and I was curious about his.

But I couldn't see anything like it, just groups of people erecting trestle tables and standing on chairs fixing up flags. Tonight and tomorrow was party time. In this sleepy village of a nation — created by tabloid persuasion — the squire's eldest was getting wed. A period of fates, neighbourliness and pots of home-made jam.

And, of course, the hills would be alive with the sound of music.

"He thought he saw an elephant that practised on a fife.
He looked again and found it was a letter from his wife.
'At length,' he said, 'I realize the bitterness of life'."

Edward Lear

AS AT CONCERTS are not particularly noted for their sweeping genius in selection. They all suffer from *charhiti* paralysis, that is, a complete refusal to play anything remotely popular. *Interesting* album tracks, hoary old rockfaves — this embraces anything from Janis Joplin to as recent as the whole of side two of Little Feat's 'Last Record Album' — and, bet your green felt tie, if there's a hot new version of an old tune in the charts, your twist group host will dig out the original and labour the point that the tiny old bean-can crackle you're hearing is the definitive version.

But like, actually play the popular stuff? Come off it, guys and gals, rock DJs are only there to show you they never sell any of their collection. What's more they listen to every track on every LP! Just in case an *interesting* one crops up.

At Crystal Palace on a hot and happy Royal Wedding afternoon we have as much chance of hearing an uplifting single as Wendy Craig has of winning the Arc de Triumph. There are thousands of people here. It's happy and light, shirt-sleeves and tiny cotton tops, balloons, flasks and dozens of tots with painted faces. On this handsome occasion, the PA is treating us all to Pink Floyd's 'The Wall'. See what I mean? Behind the lake and stage lays the artistes area. Inside a wire-netting fence, but outside a comfort caravan, sits the man in the white hat, Ian Dury.

"The best thing you can do," he says from



Off with his Blockhead for this act of sartorial treason.

behind sunglasses the size of balm cakes, "is contradict yourself as many times as possible in any one day."

This would seem logic from a bandleader whose outfit appear to be playing one pro and one anti-Royal show on this festive Wednesday. (This is only true if you underestimate the irony of Palace Bowl/GLC chief Ken Livingstone).

"When I was a teacher kids were forever going, 'Ere you just said something else just now, you told us different', and I'd go, 'So? I just changed me mind. Simple as that ennit?'"

Well, I'd certainly go along with that. No I won't. I never heard anything so ludicrous. And, going by the sly smile, neither has Ian Dury.

Consequently, which has become forever termed as "a sea of faces", the public stretch for miles. Nobody was booing because nobody had paid. The Blockheads are due on between The Thompson Twins and Barry Ford with only Spirit to follow that. Most people were here to see Ian Dury for free. (Though Max Bell's noisy "Let's Hirt For Spirit" contingent were embarrassing everyone with their camp-fire singing).

The Block — you do call them... ah screw that — were back in the capital for the first time since Christmas. Ian Dury, it seems, is active for the first time since way, way back before the muggy dawn that saw the birth of Madness. What with Madness and Bad Manners and even craggy admen Chas'n Dave digging large Dury shaped holes all over, The Dury bunch apparently became grandfathers overnight. On top of that, they released 'Laughter'. 'Laughter' did as much for the groups public standing as Captain Ahab has done for Greenpeace. It died.

Nor was it a quiet funeral. The single and opening track, 'Superman's Big Sister' saw the outfit back sweaty and unshaved, grunting dockside pubfunk while the nation's youth were beginning to chase after the shadows of dizzy 2-Tone and curious Blitz. Dury had never sounded so coldly gruff, and with Chaz Jankel gone, the arrangements — on SBS's this involved some bewildering straight strings — were crass and ill-conceived.

Most people I know never got past the 45. Following that... who cared?

AT PRECISELY the same time as the Royal Couple dived into their honeymoon train — as distinct from DJ's wedding train which is currently being reupholstered for future use as carpeting in the channel tunnel — Ian Dury and The Blockheads wandered onto the Crystal Palace Bowl stage. Scheduled to play 45 minutes they turn in an hour, running through a set that has become grafted onto their physical beings after nigh on three years of playing it. Only one new song, 'Spasticus Artisticus' gets played. Otherwise it's 80 per cent 'New Boots And Panties'.

My view is obscured by a weeping willow and a

cloud of black smoke emerging from something the couple standing in front are smoking. This I could see perfectly. My eyes told me it was a drugged cigarette or "a joint". My nose told me it was a blazing collection of tarmac, kitchen lino and kippers. Whatever it was, it blotted out my first views of the drastically stripped stage Dury.

Ian no longer fills in the songs with his parade of novelties. Whereas once he would conjure with an air driven ball in a bubble-pipe or fling a succession of scarves on high, he now hammers at some ride percussion affixed by the mikestand. Shame, one of the great joys about being on a Blockhead date was the panic-run with Kosmo around the local toy and joke shops in search of queer novelties to sprighten up the performance that night.

"Yeah they gone. I dropped the props... main reason being that I watched the Alberto's one night when they were supporting us and Jimmy Hibbert came out limping, with the cloth cap, the scarves. He tied one scarf around the mike and went 'Oi Oi' and all that and... well, my bum went. I had to follow that with all the shankin' I was doing. I walked out he following night all in black. Sometimes I still do but I really like the reggae thing of wearing a track-suit thing... same on and off stage."

Nothing to do with the rise of the fancy boys. "No, no. Tell the truth I don't reckon they're all that fancy. Certainly not very well dressed. The flower power bit, the Beau Brummels... see, I could never stand flares and, to me, trousers that are wide at the top and narrow at the bottom are just as bad. Horrible. Except on solicitors. I like to see flares and wide lapels on solicitors. Then you know there's a lot of cloth about."

Cough, splutter, with visibility shutting down to a matter of inches and all flights in the area grounded indefinitely I decide to change my vantage point. A fine space by a weeping willow. Across the lake wafts the chant number three.

"WYDONCHAGEBAKINTABED, wydonchagebakintabed — Reasons to be cheerful part one, two, three." Recorded in Rome, 'Reasons To Be Cheerful' was, for many, the final bit of familiarity that bred contempt for Dury's lyrics.

"Some of Buddy Holly/The Working Folly/Good Golly Miss Molly/And Boats."

A shopping list song.

"Yeah. That's what Julie (Burchill) said. Mm. (sighs). That's a shame cos I really like her stuff, think she's one of the best there is. But, if they're shoppin' lists, well I'd like to go shopping for the items. They're not just convenient or slick. I've got respect for my lyric writing — not for me singing — but certainly the way I can evoke certain things."

But is it forced? I mean, a name like Bona Coleano in 'Reasons', how often do you find him floating around your nut?

"What Bona? Oh Bona's in there a lot. A couple years back I was in the dressing room at

Hammersmith and someone said, 'Guess who's outside'. It was Wee Willie Harris. (nother Reason). I sat him down and sung him all the words to 'Rockin' At The Two Is'.

"I go everynight and make meself some tea/I go to the bedroom put on me ol' blue jeans/I barge dahn the stairs, say g'bye t'mum/She looks up at me says where y'goin' son?/I'm going rockin at the Two Is!"

"I said I did that to show you I ain't just being flash, Willie. I could do that about everyone in that song."

The oral slapstick in Dury's lyric strings are another tie to the much bandied connection he has with British Music Hall. If anything, songs like 'What A Waste', 'This Is What We Find' and 'Rhythm Stick' are not random enough compared to word throwing giants like Billy Bennett. Rhyming is not enough. There has to be at least one word per sentence that is phenomenal and capable of stopping you dead.

I know, because we're dealing with something that is flippant, that you might conclude that even at its best, this form of lyricism is trivial, worthless even. But it's not. It's sharp, intriguing and very difficult. The real reward is that, when it's indifferent it's surreal, but when it's perfect it's hysterical and magnificent.

Lance Percival doesn't even know he's born. Dury is restricted by rock music. A 100 years ago he would have been murderous. But even aside from slicing up the dictionary — though Ian tends to slice up Who's Who or maps in preference — his other writing sides have solid British foundations too. Even his anthem 'Billerica Dickie' — 'Sex & Drugs' is second now — is a virtual steal from any number of Max Miller interludes. ("They call me the cheeky chappie / The things I say are snappy / That's why the pretty girls all fall for me.") Along with Vivian Stanshall, whom we shall be attending the wake of a little later, Dury represents the last hard nosed outpost of raucous eccentric parody. Even so, the rise of this banal rock blanket has forever lost the art of truly classic lyric writing. We shall now all kneel and chant Mr William Bennett's 'A Sailor's Farewell To His Horse'.

I was enjoying the show when Jesus came by. No, not the one in whose name this man and this woman were to be forever joined, but the idiot hippie who turns up at every festival and behaves like Betty Boop on acid. Now, who do you reckon he stood smack in front of? Then rather than behave like any normal open-air concert sufferer he began to jiggle a selection of limbs, most of which were attached to his spindly body. Good job I've heard these numbers before. Who hasn't?

"I enjoy those songs. That's a good set, really it is. I'll never accept that I don't try. I'll always try, but doing 'Billerica Dickie' can be difficult now. Even if you're goin' great you can still feel dispondent with it."

Do you find you're audiences are wowed even before you've begun?

"You do yeah a bit, but you're not that aware of an audience when you're working — anyway if they are going crackers it spurs ya. But I disdain workin' an audience, like, I never ask 'em do they love me. 'DYALUMEEEE!' Nah, it's not audiences it's down to... just good gigs and bad gigs really."

Do you consider you do this well?

"Ah... yeah."

What did you make of the cockneys who followed in your wake.

"I don't think it's very close to what I do. Anyway, I hear very little of it — I take it you mean Chas'n Dave and that. I've seen Madness a few times but I've never listened to their records."

I dunno, I wouldn't claim any more influence over Madness than I would for 'Reasons' to be influential on the rapping records."

Sneaky!
"I only ever listen to records that I aspire to. Jazz, a lot of reggae." While we're there, Ian's been working in Nassau.

"I wish I could claim to have thought of the scheme. It was Adrian Boot who told me and Chas (Jankel, the Blockhead who quit but still collaborates with Ian), that Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare had a fortnight with nothing to do and, well, why didn't we jump at the chance really? It sounded great except we didn't have any songs to work on. But we wrote 'em over there, wrote 'em in the morning and recorded them in the evening. Never worked like that before."

I remember the gloom and pressure when Dury had to find lyrics for 'Do It Yourself', an album so overdue it makes the Thames Barrier at Woolwich look like a blueprint of efficiency.

"Ah, but this wasn't pressure see. Not that (clenches fist) pressure. No telephone, thousands of miles from everybody. I don't really like holidays, but working, then going out in a hotie-totie swimming, getting fit, that's aw, tremendous."

"We worked so hard, but didn't get knackered. It was working with Sly and Robbie, really. See I don't get off on the music we play. I'm too critical but this was like... unaffiliated, see? It was like permission to get high on music. They live for their work. They don't drink, they don't smoke drugs... the only bit of direction I gave 'em when Sly says to me, 'Ere ya don't want reggae do ya?', and I said 'No, just dance music'. He said OK and off we went. Very natural and very easy."

You love working and fitness, right? Do they always go together?
"The low point was last year being on the road. We did 74 straight on the road till last year. I couldn't do it; I was like a footballer who'd played 74 football matches on the trot with extra time — I

couldn't do it. You keep using energy, lots and lots of nervous energy until you're really on your reserves — on magic energy and that's not healthy f' the ol' brain. You've got to pace your life, got to lie fallow forstages. What we should've done was done nothing till now — not done another album at all — rested, then come back now with a blinder. One we've considered from all aspects."

What happened with 'Laughter'?

"Erm... I dunno... too many words, I dunno. We considered getting a producer for ages but then thought we oughta do it. Maybe we shoulda called that one do it yourself."

You're fit now though?

"Very fit. Fitter than for ages. I swam nearly all last year."

S PLOOSSSH. Yeuchh. Good God. The faithful, made frenzy like on the heat of the 'New Boots' songs, have decided to ford the lake. Teams of half-stripped youths wade about in the lilies stagfront and dip and duck like bald-headed coots on the scent of a fat one. The water is filthy. I mean real black sewage that leaves trails of sediments on your skin as it runs off. A blonde girl goes brunette in one splash. Above all, it stinks.

About a 100 skylark in this grimy, diseased soup, their toes squelching into the silt, their mouths doing the best to bale out the shipments of cholera en route down their throats. Disgusting. They get warned about submerged power cables but pooh-pooh it. At any time I expect to see one — ZOOM — launched into the firmament, trail of sparks plotting the ascent of Croydon's first

unplanned stellar probe. One in the eye for the Russians through, what?

It never happens. Neither does the much bayed for Blockhead encore. There were the band, all ready to waltz back on to the spiralling cheers when out stepped David Rapperport — our three four MC for the day and always the last person to know its raining — to announce some "Special Messages". The cock-a-hoop atmosphere suddenly nosedives to that approximating the Moscow Conservative Club Old Boys Night. The band opt not to go through the whole set again merely to get encore response level and so their true climax must wait for Hammersmith.

There's a parallel here with the royal couple but protocol forbids its illumination.

Who would you most've liked to have been in history, Ian?

"Definitely not a monarch. Probably Monet the painter. His lifestyle was quiet but very exciting. He created something he could paint in the middle of France — a pond with bridges over it, lilies and that, then just painted it all. Matisse is another. Mostly painters, no musicians; well maybe a minstrel like Blondin. Was Blondin, wasn't?"

I show a marked tendency to be underwhelmed by the magic of art.
"A painting can change your life in a very subtle way, though, not like rock, it can't change your spirit. I've been to art shows where I've come out really excited... sometimes, yeah, it can change your life I think."

"I was at a French post-impressionists show and we went up to this painting by Toulouse Lautrec of two girls in a bordello and one was asleep with

her arm up like this. Under her arm you could see when you got really close to it, that he'd stuck a public hair. And when you get that close you go, gaaaah, and I fuckin'... something happens to ya. You think woaah, that's fuckin' real. That's one of hers. That kind of experience I mean I never saw Otis Redding but I'm sure..."

Do you consider rock as an art form?
"I think there's a great deal of good art in rock and a great deal of very serious intent. Probably more than in most painting. A single by Elvis will still be played in hundreds of years time — rock's only had 26 to 27 years to be judged, whatever, not enough time to be great — but people will play that Elvis single like others go to see a Rembrandt. An art form, 'cept its more available like some two quid print. It's not like painting through because it doesn't really try to push up its prices all the time — it's a very healthy art form. Really."

Would you like to start a magazine or something?

"Me Nah... I like doing odd shots like that one I did for *The Face*'s first issue about Elvis that kind of potshot helps me write lyrics. That mag is good cos it's like *Picture Post*, but then again it's a little too much like *Town Magazine* for my taste. And the price!"

What about the popular press?
"*The Daily Mirror*'s the only one worth reading. And Nigel Dempster in the *Mail*. Ah we arrive. The Hammersmith Odeon, that velveteen slaughterhouse under the flyover."

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Ian Dury

FROM PAGE 14

Davey Payne repairs to a room on the second level shuts himself in and, with the aid of several saxophones, proceeds to warm up. The resultant noise approximates the death cries of a stricken grampus, Medusas snakes mimicking Robin Gibb in sequence or a falsetto foghorn crying rape.

In the panic on the pavements, I join a crazed throng of people dashing to find sanctuary from the dread din. As Davey lets rip, the surrounding street look like the final scenes from *Day Of The Locust*. We settle in a nearby hostelry.

**"All The Jewels In The Crown Of England's Glory
Too numerous to mention but a few
And every one could tell a different story
And show old England's Glory something new."
— "England's Glory" by Max Wall**

written by Ian Dury

VIVIAN STANSHALL will be guesting tonight. That's the word rolling around the walls of this quaint folksy late '70s inn. Dury and Stanshall were at art school together in 1960 and have rarely seen each other since. But Sir Henry is not the most startling presence here tonight. No, bob.

Sitting at my table, and still a little confused as to why, is Chas Jankel. Just the day previous he had vowed that he'd be a monkey's uncle if ever he'd play onstage with The Blockheads again. Hmmm.

Well hi, Chas! What news from nephew Kong?

"I was sitting at home munching some cornflakes when the phone rang."

Steady Chas you're beginning to sound like me. Go on.

"Anyway it was Ian and he was panicking. Mickey Gallagher had slipped a disc and as I was the only other one who knew the songs. What was I doing? Well, I feel a bit foolish seeing as how I've been telling interviewers that I'd never do this again. But here I am."

How was it at Crystal Palace for you?

"OK... OK. That water didn't half stink though."

As you may know, Chas penned and did the definitive version of Quincy Jones' recent smash 'Ai No Corrida'. A tremendous song. (I hope you concert DJs are taking notes here). He's a gifted fellow and should have little bother in emulating his friend Rod 'Hitmaker' Temperton if planted in the States. It was Temperton who got the song to Quincy Jones.

When Chas Jankel promises an interesting story he's not just whistling Dixie. More to the point, how rich has this made Dury's buddy?

"It was a hit everywhere in the world but I ain't got a penny yet. That's how these things go. Rod's on a fair whack though."

To say the man who amongst others wrote 'Off The Wall', 'Rock With You', 'Gimme The Night' 'Love X Love' 'Razzmatazz' is "on a fair whack" is a bit like saying Vivian Stanshall doesn't care much about convention. The trouble is... will the convention care much for him.

"The manager called me in his office, he said 'Joe there's only one thing wrong with your act — the seats are facing the stage'."

— A Card For The Clubs by Les Dawson.

DURY HUGGED Stanshall like it'd been years. "It's been years," said Ian.

The pair of them stood for a few seconds nodding and smiling. Ian Dury genuinely, and to the best of his belief, hasn't a malicious word, an uncaring one even, to say for anyone in rock music. For originals and great men he positively loves. As if some pang of conscience makes him overcompensate because he's an accepted figure whereas they're not, and because of their excesses, never will be. He also has an almost fatherlike compassion when talking of young bands. I wondered if he was aware of that.

"Yeah really, I certainly feel for someone like young Ian Page who took a terrible hammering. OK, he set himself up a lot of the time, but... y'see most of 'em don't see this as a long term thing — which is great — but I think a bit of foresight is handy. You've got to bounce up and down like Noel Coward whose career was whoosh up them whoosh down all the time. If you don't have horrible times you never learn anything just repeat."

So what's been the high and low spot for you in the last five years?

"Erm, 'New Boots And Panties' and 'New Boots And Panties'. See it brought hundreds of things in its wake that I never considered. For example, I'd recommend to all aspiring rock 'n' rollers that you write two LPs before you release the first one. Then you've got space, time to relax, a year to enjoy. Because the enjoyment goes right out when the pressure's on. The punter's after new stuff, getting restless."

THE LIGHTS dimmed and the howl sounded. But instead of the pumped funk intro to 'Sex & Drugs' or the shimmering keyboards announcing 'Wake Up' the curtains opened on Humphrey Ocean. The audience sat tensed and waiting for the obligatory Kosmo wind-up that would finish in a hollered 'landuryantheblockheads!!' A time honoured starting pistol on such events.

But Humphrey introduced someone else. He called upon the nervous talents of Vivian Stanshall. Well, what the hell, OK said the crowd, two introductions for the band tonight. Good Gag plus a weird personality t'boot. BUT! Putting down his bag of props the old Bonzo Dog began to do a small turn. Within two minutes of his observations on wedding day starting, the catcalls slow handclaps and hoots were loud enough to have got the theatre banned from landing in most major US airports. Whatever barbs Stanshall was fighting back with were lost under the tide of impatience.

He was nervous and apprehensive enough before he went on but, dear me, watching through barely open eyes I saw his spirit leave his body wearing a hat and coat, whisper, "You're on your own kid" in his ear and dive into a cab.

It was awful: John Cooper Clark at the Vortex, Des O'Connor at the Glasgow Empire, Custer at Wounded Knee all rolled into one.

After eight or so minutes, on belted Charlie Charles and Co to set up the opening Blockhead rhythm and allow Viv to ease off with some dignity. But Stanshall seemed to think this was a beat set up to give his vocals some beef and he grabbed a mike and started improvising a song all over the intro — unrecognisable though it was — of 'Sex & Drugs'. He was hammering away full pelt when on came Dury and the house went nuts.

Confused at the screams he half turned and saw the main attraction acknowledging the reception and whatever word he was shouting shrank then disappeared on wee little legs back down his neck. It still makes my skin crawl to think of the embarrassment he must've buckled under on realising even his allies were trying to say, "Viv, old mate, save it. Make a dash for the wings and we'll try and hold 'em off for ten minutes."

Gathering his scattered assortment of jests he tried to be invisible as the concert got going. He got off safely. After having been with the Bonzo's the experience can't have been foreign to

him, water off his back even, but for me and a couple of others I later found out were there, it was like having a hand stuffed down your throat and then pull you inside out from the socks. Horrible to see a friend die! (I'd like to say something damning about rock audiences here but the reducing of a performer is nothing peculiar to rock 'n' roll).

The memory almost faded as the headline band gave a performance I didn't think, after these many viewings, they still could evoke. The Blockheads were brilliant that night. And would've been in any period of entertainment you could name. And this time the encores were played and were almost enough. Respect it.

What's your favourite food Ian?

"Vitamin pills and... swimming pool water."

"They've burst your pretty balloon and taken the moon away"

— 'The Party's Over'.

COMING BACK home about 11.30, the pubs were still open and people were still busy clearing up from the street parties. It looked like it had been some day. Housewives sat exhausted amongst half-eaten sandwich quarters and flags that were curling up only slightly less. Husbands sang 'Didn't We Have A Lovely Time The Day We Went To Bangor' as they folded the great wooden tables away till Coronation Day. Everyone was smiling and looking theatrically worn out at each other.

Some day.

The following lunchtime I was telling a friend about how Vivian Stanshall had been crushed and, quite naturally, we both laughed until we ached. He told me he should have been in charge of the block party they held over on one part of the Silwood Estate.

"It was going alright," he said still giggling, "till this fakkin' DJ turns up and tries to impress 'em all with how loud his speakers could go and they all fakked off to another do down the road. He drove 'em all out till there was just him and the two organizers looking at each other across 500 decibels! He packed up and went after three quarters of an hour!"

Well, face it, its a long way back to Wood Green.

Right?

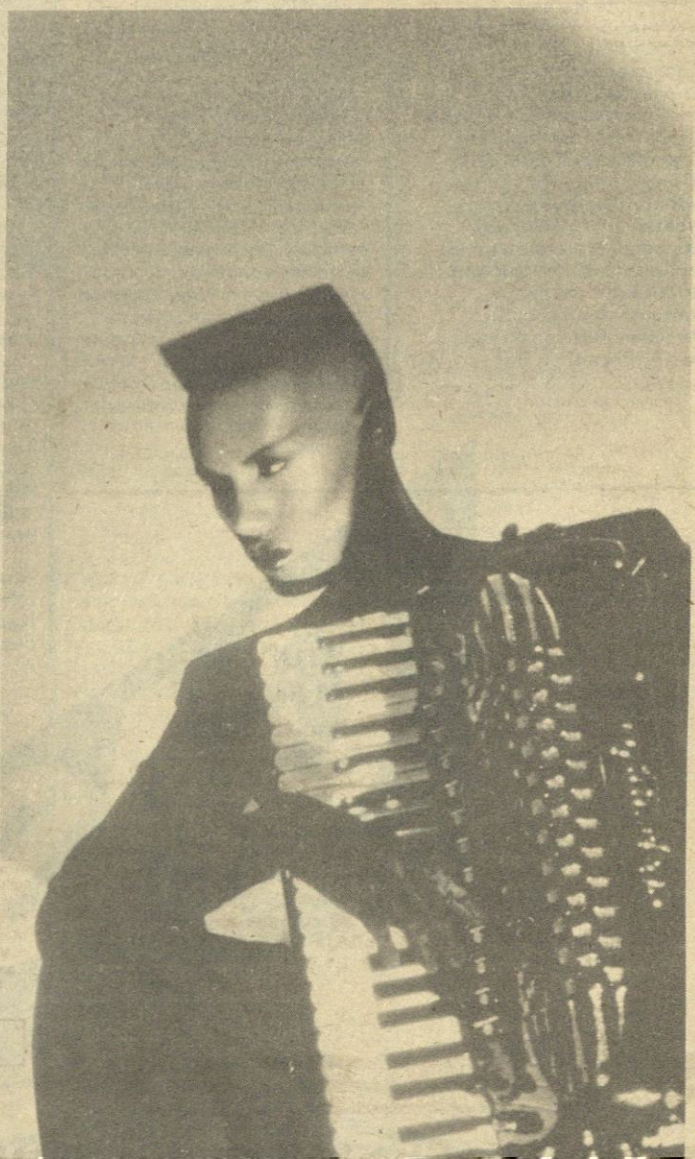
GRACE JONES

HER NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW

I'VE SEEN
THAT FACE BEFORE
(LIBER TANGO)

PRODUCED BY

CHRIS BLACKWELL AND ALEX SADKIN



THEATRE of HATE